All's ſtucatho carries it away,
Tibalt, you ratcatcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldſt thou haue with me?

M. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine liues, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall vſe mee hereafter drie beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his pitcher by the eares? make haſte, leaſt mine be about your eares ere it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy Rapier vp.

Mer. Come ſir, your Paſſado.

Rom. Draw *Benuolio*, beate downe their weapons,
Gentlemen, for ſhame forbeare this outrage,
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſly hath
Forbid this bandying in *Verona* ſtreetes,
Hold *Tybalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt.
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped,
Is he gone and hath nothing.

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marrie tis inough,
Where is my Page? go villaine, fetch a Surgion.

Ro. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No tis not ſo deepe as a well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but tis inough, twill ſerue: aske for me to morrow, and you ſhall finde me a graue man. I am peppered I warrant, for this world, a plague a both your houſes, ſounds a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death: a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the book of Arithmatick, why the deule came you betweene vs? I was hurt vnder your arme.

Ro. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benuolio*,

Or I ſhall faint, a plague a both your houſes,
They haue made wormes meate of me,
I haue it, and ſoundly, to your houſes.

Ro. This Gentleman the Princes neare alie,
My very friend hath got this mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtaind
With *Tybalts* ſlaunder, *Tybalt* that an houre
Hath bene my Cozen, O ſweete *Iuliet*,
Thy bewtie hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter Benuolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, braue *Mercutio* is dead,
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the Clowdes,
Which too vntimely here did ſcorne the earth.

Ro. This dayes blacke fate, on mo daies doth depē
This but begins, the wo others muſt end.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* backe againe

Ro. He gan in triumph and *Mercutio* ſlaine,
Away to heauen, reſpectiue lenitie,
And fier end furie, be my conduct now,
Now *Tybalt* take the villaine backe againe,
That late thou gaueſt me, for *Mercutios* ſoule
Is but a little way aboue our heads,
Staying for thine to keepe him companie:
Either thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.

Ty. Thou wretched boy that didſt cõſort him her
Shalt with him hence.

Ro. This ſhall determine that.

They Fight. Tibalt *falles.*

Ben. Romeo, away be gone:
The Citizens are vp, and *Tybalt* ſlaine,
Stand not amazed, the Prince wil doome thee deat
If thou art taken, hence be gone away,